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# History of the Mosebar Family

As Told by

George Mosebar, Senior



Written and Compiled by

Helen Mosebar Betts

44





1852

Mosebar  
Family  
History

1927





1961918

DEDICATION

THE MEMBERS OF THE MOSEBAR FAMILY  
WITH KINDLY REVERENCE  
OFFER THEIR LOVING MEMORIES AND GRATITUDE  
TO THOSE COURAGEOUS PIONEERS WHO  
DARED GO FORTH AND OFFER THEIR  
SUFFERINGS IN ORDER THAT WE  
MIGHT LIVE TO BE BET-  
TER AND WISER





“A people who take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants.”

—*Edmund Burke.*



“People will never look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.”

—*Lord McAuly.*







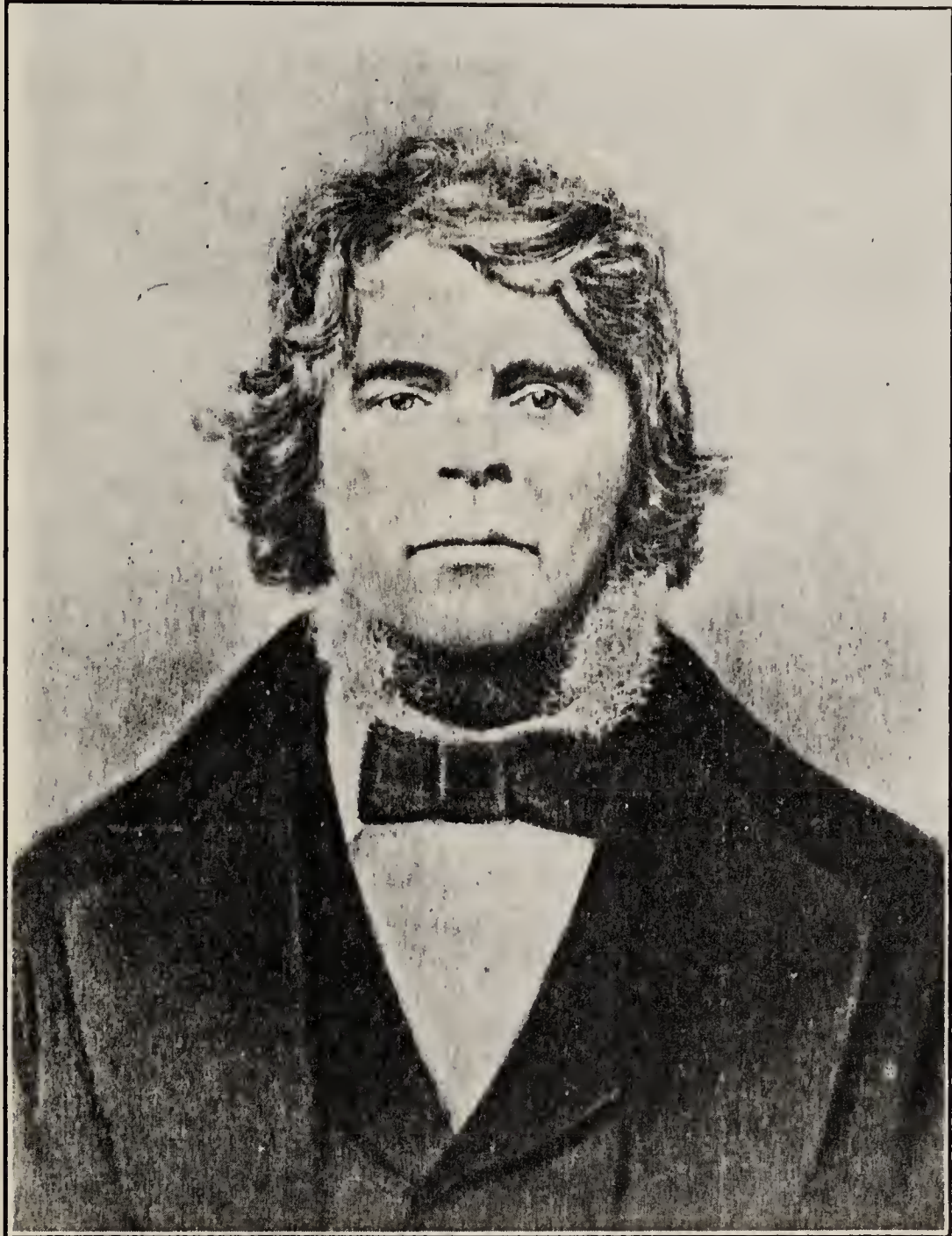
## Foreword

¶ In writing this Family History the Author makes no claim to literary merit. The one aim and hope has been to get the facts and historical events as nearly correct as possible. ¶ The memories of the father and his sons and daughters have done well to review their childhood in such a vivid manner as to make it plain to the reader through the pen of the Author. ¶ Much time and labor have been spent in gathering all the pictures and stories and the names of all those concerned in the earlier historical times, and if there have been any errors the Author hopes they will be overlooked.

*Helen Betts*



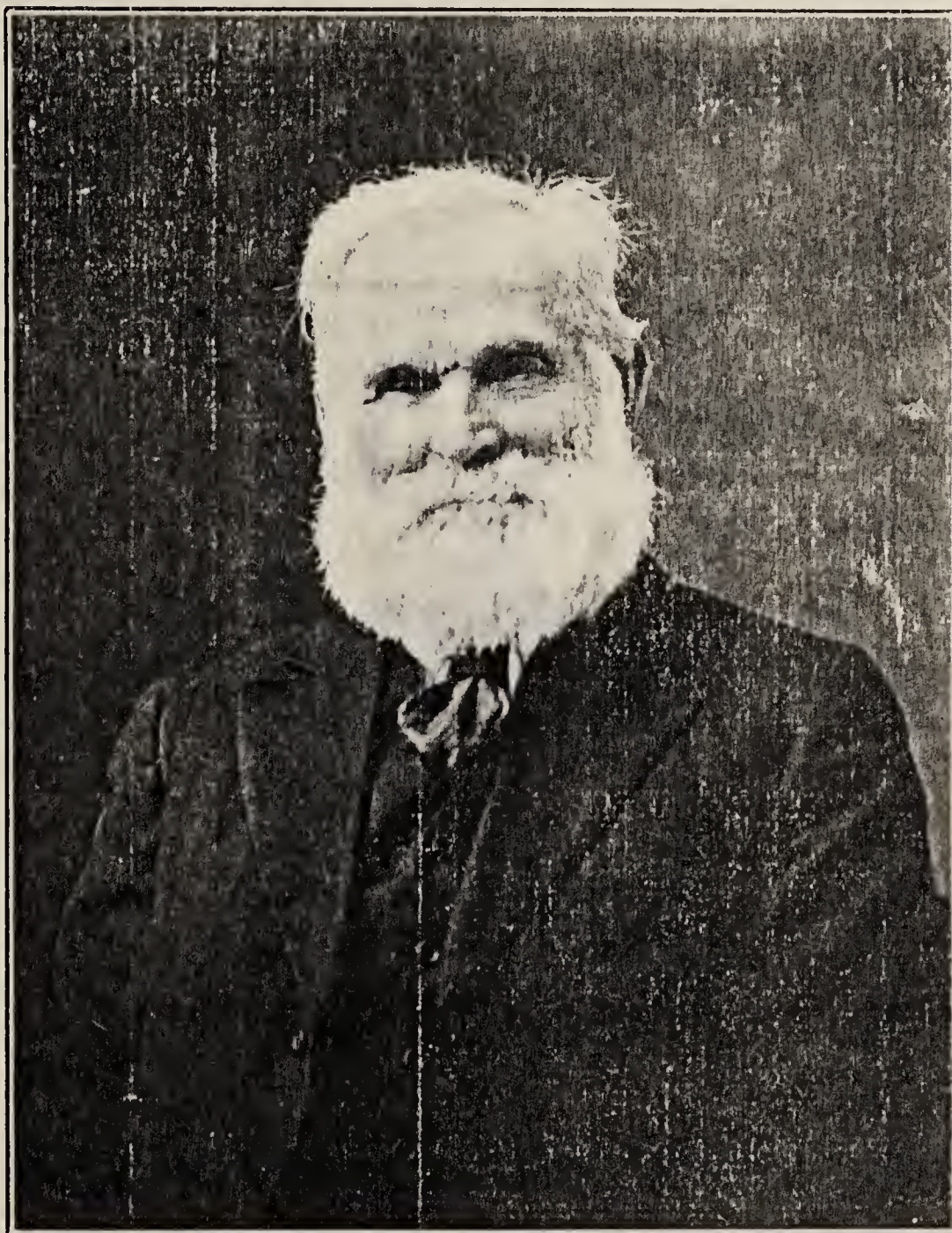




ANDREW MOOSBERGER







GEORGE MOOSBERGER  
(MOSEBAR)







LOUISA MOOSBERGER  
(MOSEBAR)



## A Lonesome Dream

I think of you while kneeling beside my bed,  
When earth, in silence, bows her head,  
    At dawn when the song birds sweetly sings,  
And all nature spreads her joyous wings,  
When the sun is sparkling on the dew,  
    I think of you.

I think of you in every care,  
And in every joy I have you share,  
    Till the sun paints every dark cloud red,  
And the silvery moon lifts high her head;  
When the stars are shining in the blue,  
    I dream of you.

—Henry Mosebar.

*In Memory of*  
Mother, Grandmother and Great-Grandmother.



## Home Sweet Home

Come stand with me on yonder hill,  
And view our birth spot clear,  
And bring us back those youthful days,  
With all our loved and dear.

Come with me once more, once more,  
Beside that sparkling stream  
That twinkled through our father's farm,  
Shaded by those willows green.

Let's walk once more by wood and rill,  
And down that shady lane  
Where the skylark and the bob-o-link  
Sing o'er the golden grain.

Though many years have passed and gone,  
Like yesterday it seems;  
The tender thought of Home Sweet Home,  
Is like our golden dreams.

The little lot behind the barn,  
Where the cattle used to stray,  
Where the swallows used to dart and dive,  
And the horses ate their hay.

'Twas surrounded by those buildings,  
Open sheds and stacks of hay,  
And made a perfect playground,  
For us "kids" so young and gay.

When the sun has kissed the earth good-nite,  
Come with me to yonder hill.  
While through tree tops green, shines the silvery moon,  
We'll list to the lilt of the Whippoorwill.

A house there was upon the hill,  
And 'twas built for you and me;  
It was built by dear old Father;  
It was he who cut each tree.

With our brothers and our sisters  
We can picture in our mind,  
That little old log cabin  
That we have left behind.

Left behind but not forgotten,  
Bright memories we recall;  
While around the fireside gathered,  
We remember one and all.

Then the home-made chairs and table,  
To our memory we recall;  
And the old clock that was ticking  
Through long years upon the wall.

Father sat in meditation,  
But our mother's busy hands,  
Phid above the mending-basket  
To supply our clothes' demand.

—Henry Mosebar.





# Historical Sketch

of the

## Mosebar Family

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Throughout our lives we are continually looking backward, reflecting and speaking of our ancestors. Now, we will endeavor to bring before your eyes a vivid portrayal of our forefather's home, his pleasures, and his pastimes, mingled throughout with the trials and tribulations which are bound to come into the lives of all of us as we struggle to reach our goal.

Our great-grand forefather, to whom we owe our present existence in America, lived in Stragan, a small village situated in the interior of Germany.

As we all know or at least have some idea, the custom of all States of Germany is to live together in a town or village, each individual going out every day to till his soil, and in this way supporting his family.

The then Imperial Government of Germany allowed each village, town or city, only one tradesman or mechanic of his kind to a certain number of people. For instance, a village could have only one blacksmith or wagon-maker, while a town or city had more in proportion to their size. This law would promote a great many kinds of talent but of course prevented a man from following his vocation in the place he would have selected for his home.

The laws were laid down and enforced with an iron hand, which seemed to stretch and hang over the head of everyone. Another enforced law was that a pass must be secured from the village officials in order to go from one village to another. This was a heavy yoke for the already heavily laden people to carry; and obstacles were made greater as their indignation grew into the determination to secure a pass to leave their fatherland forever.

As families became more and more eager for home rights, our forefather was among those whose minds turned to freedom.

"Freedom! Liberty!" that spelled America and God's country, considered to be the realization of a wonderful dream; a home for the free will of man to fulfill his ideals.

Difficulties grew greater as their efforts were bent towards securing a pass. A cousin, who was more fortunate, had obtained his pass a few months before and set sail in the first outgoing vessel





which brought him to America in the spring of 1852. But the permission of the relentless officials came too late for our forefathers, and another vessel for passengers would not go before the summer. This misfortune, however, did not discourage them and as the slowly approaching date drew nearer, preparations were made to depart. So trying to cast aside the parting sadness of leaving relatives and friends forever, Andrew Moosberger, accompanied by his wife, Katrine, and his children, set out for their future home. The children, six in number, were: Andrew, Junior, nineteen years of age; George, twelve, and four girls, Anna, Mary, Theresa and Katherine, ranging in age from fifteen to two.



ANDREW MOOSBERGER

ANNA MOOSBERGER WILLIE

KATHERINE MOOSBERGER COMPEAU

MARY MOOSBERGER BERGMOSHER

THERESA MOOSBERGER STEFFERS

As the least expensive means of travel was necessary a passenger sail boat was chosen and a number of families, who had the same thoughts of freedom, turned their faces towards their new prospects in June of the summer of 1852.

The passengers had a long siege of rough sailing, the trip taking a course of three months to cross that great span which separated them from their hopes.

Hard times prevailed in this small crowded sailboat and towards the end of the journey rations were low and had to be given out very carefully to each individual. Many incidents most startling





to the already worried passengers made the trip harder; but to all the hopeful, both old and young, the end seem just over the horizon.

George Moosberger, who was then a lad of twelve summers, now cites the following incident:

"Once the boat began to rock and roll badly and we knew there was a storm at sea. All the people were on deck and the owner and captain of the vessel ordered them to go below. My father wanted to stay up to see the outcome, but the captain, growing angry, bade him go inside, or take the consequences, which would have been sad indeed if the hungry sea had claimed him for its own. We went below, the top made of rough hewn boards, was securely fastened down and there we were obliged to stay for a long time until the heavens cleared. The crew were out of water to drink and were obliged to boil sea water during the last few weeks of sailing."

Another incident was the unexpected rolling of the vessel, causing some boiling water to be spilled, some of it going on the back of the youngest child of the family, Katherine, and giving her such a severe injury that she still carries this scar as a mark of her hardships.

We can well imagine the happiness of the home-seekers when they saw land loom up before them after that hard sailing. They reached New York in August and decided to migrate immediately to the West, where the brother-in-law, Will Hawkes, had settled.

Accordingly Andrew Moosberger at once set out by way of the Erie Canal. Thence up Lake Erie, stopping at Toledo. But here misfortune faced them and they were forbidden to land. Misfortune indeed and it hovered over the small village with outstretched wings; the people were stricken with the dreaded disease Cholera. It was sad indeed when they learned with difficulty that their brother-in-law, the father of the family, was buried the same day our great grandfather arrived.

But another family, "The Foxes," as they were spoken of by George Moosberger, who had come over with his uncle in the spring before, had settled farther up the lake and slightly in the interior. It was immediately decided that they should go there; so after a little more traveling by boat they stopped at a small settlement, where they procured oxen by which to travel, and advanced slowly towards their new home.

They settled a few miles farther in the interior, leaving George to work for their friends, "The Foxes."

Their new home was surveyed by the Government, and was situated in Monroe County, Michigan, between Stoney Creek and Swan Creek, in the Township of Ash.

They then began clearing the ground and putting up their





home, which was constructed of rough hewn logs fastened together with wooden pins and shackles, and a floor of heavy slabs made



THE OLD PLACE (1853)

of bitter hickory. One heavy slab of timber with a prop made their door, and a few small openings covered with greased paper sufficed for windows. A huge opening at one end fashioned of logs, and lined with mud, clay and leaves was sufficient for a fireplace by which they cooked and obtained their heat.

They had not the pleasure of close neighbors; nothing broke the monotony of the routine of their lives save the wild cry of the disturbed beasts, the croaking of the frogs, or the lonely hoot-hoot of the owl, who ventured forth often to protest against this invasion of their hitherto unquestioned inheritance.

But discouragement was not for that family who had gone through so much. They cultivated their cleared land, raising grains and vegetables. The grain, they traded, sold and had ground into flour and the vegetables they stored.

There were no means of education in the vicinity of the Moosberger home. Andrew, Junior, had obtained his education in Germany, and George, who was fortunate enough to have had six years in his former home, received one year more while living with the "Fox" family near Monroe.

The girls obtained very little education except what their mother could give them. Theresa and Katherine attended school in Monroe, Michigan. Mary and Anna received some schooling there also, but very little.

Here let us pause and give due remembrance to their mother. To her goes the tribute, as to all true mothers of noble striving of the accomplishment of all the possible good for her husband and children. She taught them the truths of her Church and of her parents' Church and ever called down the aid and love of the Holy Mother Mary for her children.

How well she did her part as a faithful mother and teacher of duties to her children is best exhibited by those in whose memory she still lives, and after each life's race is won it closes a record of usefulness to mankind solely due to the influence of her womanly instincts and example. Her's was the strong, sturdy nature, else how could she have withstood the hardships which were undoubtedly undergone by those who won.



Thus it was that this family grew up in what was then known as the West.

Here we can picture before us some of the home life of the Moosberger Family.

The boys worked and hunted, and it is said that often when they wanted venison they had to go outside of their house and fell a tree. The deer would boldly approach and feed upon the fresh green leaves of the fallen tree and during the next few minutes it would be an easy matter to aim and fatally wound some of them. In this way and various others of scheming and planning they were able to secure all the meat that was necessary for their welfare.

In this home the family had their enjoyments as well as their sorrows; enjoying their life in spite of its wilderness and hardships; but not long were they alone, for new settlers came in and continued to clear the land.

They lived at this same place until the father, a few years later, thinking he must give his eldest son a chance, left the home place in his hands. Here Andrew, Junior, with his bride lived.

Andrew, Sr., then moved to a house which still is standing in Exeter Township. After living here a short time left it and later sold it to George. It consisted of forty acres and was sold at the price of \$400.00. He then moved to a home in Stoney Creek, near St. Patrick's Church, in the Township of Ash.

It was in the first home that Anna announced joyful tidings to the household. Her acquaintanceship with John Willie, a young man who later enlisted in the Union Army, grew fast into courtship and their marriage took place in 1860 at her home. Their union was blessed with two boys, only one of whom grew to maturity. But the mother was not to see or know this, for she was called beyond the Border a few years after her marriage.

When the call came for volunteers and drafted men, Andrew, Jr., hired out to a man by the name of Boulden to serve as a substitute.

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He served the greater part of two years, was finally wounded and taken prisoner, and was sent to the Libby Prison. This prison is written down in history as the famous Libby Starving Prison. But fortunately for him he was not very seriously wounded, being shot in the arm; and as the habit of exchanging prisoners grew, lots were cast as to who should be taken out. Good fortune lingered with him and he was sent to the Union side in exchange for a Confederate prisoner.

From there he was discharged and sent home. After he gained his strength he ardently sought and won the love of Jane Schock. They were married in 1863 and a few months later he enlisted in the 17th Regiment and went again to fight for the Union.





But the great war was soon over and he was discharged and sent home in 1864.

During the time he was away his sister, Theresa, became the wife of Frank Steffers, and the youngest son, won the admiration and love of Louisa Schoek, younger sister of Jane, wife of Andrew. They were married in 1863 and lived in such beautiful harmony that Cooleridge's sentiment, "What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own," might have originated in their own experience, as hand in hand and heart to heart, they began working out their own ideals.

This union was blessed with nine children, all of whom were born in the same home and who grew to maturity together, all attending the same school, which was sometimes referred to as "The Red Schoolhouse."

Here we may add an explanation regarding the name Moosberger. As the children grew to manhood and womanhood, Americanism was being thoroughly seeded in their minds, so in order to make themselves feel more worthy of a home here, they began to pronounce the name Mosebar, omitting theumlaut of Moosberger, which proclaimed their German nativity. But not so with their parents, who still clung to the old family name.

In 1878, feeling a yearning and homesickness for his German relatives, Andrew Moosberger obtained a passport and set out for his fatherland. He was absent a year, returning in July, 1879.

But his health began to fail and the next month in spite of all human care and remedies, his soul, at the earthly age of seventy-three years, was carried away amid the presence of his wife and children.

He did not go without his funeral train, nor did he go "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Although a blacksmith by trade, this strangely gifted man, had even made and carved monuments for himself and the members of his family. They were carefully wrought crosses of iron and disked out at each arm so as to safeguard against the wind and weather. In here



IRON CROSS MONUMENT  
ANDREW MOOSBERGER, SR.







IRON CROSS MONUMENT  
MRS. KATHERINE MOOSBERGER, WIFE

were put the dates, name and inscriptions. These crosses showed such great skill and workmanship that they are still standing as staunch and proud as when first put there by loving hands and sorrowing hearts.

The mother, a much stronger and more rugged constitution, but yet worn down by hands of time, lived eleven years longer. Death claimed her at the age of eighty-four years, and she was laid at rest in St. Patrick's Cemetery by the side of her husband, in the summer of 1891.

The next to follow here to the Great Beyond were her daughters, Anna, Theresa

and Mary. Theresa left two boys, and Mary Bergmosher, a family of twelve. The son, Andrew, followed in 1893, leaving a wife and seven children, most of whom still reside in Monroe County.

The youngest daughter, Katherine, married Alexander Compeau in 1868 and later moved to Oregon, residing in the City of Hubbard.

The children of George, the youngest son, grew up in Monroe County.

Here a few words should be said concerning the home life of his sons and daughters, whose memory of the old home place is still vivid and dear to each of them. The main livelihood of the family was the shingle machine which the father had put up for himself, after he had served an apprenticeship in the employ of a neighbor named Carter.

His brother Andrew worked for him a great deal in the operation of this machine. It was run by a spring pole at first, which was quite primitive and laborious, but as money became more plentiful, a wheel and crank were added to it, which made the output more than twice as great.

He sold these shingles for \$1.25 a square, sometimes hauling them by team to distant towns.

The children were too young to labor very much, although some of them can vividly recall driving the horses to turn the crank. The inability of the children to work sometimes necessitated the





help of the mother who, we can well believe, was kept very busy with her numerous household tasks.

The machine was kept in operation for a good many years. As the boys grew older they were able to help a great deal with



DANIEL FAY AND ELIZA (MOSEBAR) FAY



GEORGE A. MOSEBAR AND WIFE





the farm work. Ditches were dug to drain the nearby land, and then the farm was plowed, and grain and vegetables were grown to feed the family.

When the farm was made to produce sufficiently to support them, the shingle machine was discontinued until later years, when George, the eldest son, overhauled it and put it in readiness to use again and the first work the resurrected machine did for him, was to cut shingles for a new home, to which he took his bride.

Eliza, the eldest, was the first to marry. She became the wife of Daniel Fay in 1886. To their union were granted six children, all of whom still live in Carleton, Monroe County, although Charles, the second eldest, is serving in the U. S. Aviation Corps.

George, Jr., the first son of the Mosebar family won the heart and hand of Ella Townsend and their marriage took place in St. Patrick's Church in the year of 1888. This union was blessed with nine children, all of whom are still living except one boy who died at the age of fourteen years.

Cora, the second daughter, married Printis Messer, in 1891, and had eight children, but lost one girl who had been called by her Creator in infancy.

John, the sixth son of the Mosebar family, married Annette Whaley, in the year of 1895. To their union were given fourteen children of whom only ten are living.

Frank, the third son, added the joyful tidings of matrimony to the family when he married Ella Choate in 1898. This union boasts of four children and all are residing with their parents.

The second son and the youngest one, Stephen and Henry, were the fortunate brothers to join hands with the two sisters, Clara and May, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Van Buren. These marriages took place in 1899. Both couples reside in Yakima County, Washington.

Shortly afterward followed the marriage of Helen, the youngest



P. S. MESSER AND CORA (MOSEBAR).  
MESSER RUDD





daughter, to Charles Davis, in 1901. Their four children still reside at home.

The marriage of William, the fifth son of the family, to Bertha Zern was celebrated in 1904 in Fremont, Ohio, and their three daughters are with their parents.



JOHN MOSEBAR AND WIFE



FRANK MOSEBAR AND WIFE





The children of George Mosebar all married and lived in places surrounding their former home; but as men slowly wound their way to the West, and tales came back of the wonders of the land, Henry became enthused with the spirit of adventure and with his wife left for Washington. There they made a home and for four years saw none of their family until Henry came back for a visit. The stories he told were wondrous indeed to those who had never seen the West. He visited about three months and then George, the eldest,



STEPHEN MOSEBAR AND WIFE

accompanied him to Washington in March. By July George was so homesick without his family that he returned to Michigan, but one more cold winter was sufficient to make him long for the West again and in the Spring of 1907 he again started for Washington with his son Louie to be company for him. Part of his family followed in July, 1907, and the next Spring his wife went East, sold the property



HENRY MOSEBAR AND WIFE







C. A. DAVIS AND HELEN (MOSEBAR)  
DAVIS

and returned with the rest to Yakima, where they have since made their home.

Both Henry and George settled in Yakima County, buying two tracts of land side by side. George and his family still reside on the same land, but Henry later sold his land and moved to White Bluffs, Benton County.

In the meantime, three brothers, John, Stephen and Frank, and sister, Cora, came west and all except John moved to White Bluffs; but only a few years later the three brothers moved to take up land on the Indian Reservation in Yakima County, and are all living within twenty-five miles of the County Seat.

In 1918 Charles Davis, husband of Helen Mosebar, with his family started for the West by way of a southern transcontinental route by automobile. Later they settled on the same reservation where they still reside.

Having seen most of his children leave for the West the father finally consented to come out for a visit. The parents came in



WILLIAM MOSEBAR AND WIFE





1910, but later getting lonesome for the old place went back to Michigan.

They did not stay long, however, but came again on a visit, returning home the following year accompanied by their daughter, Cora, whose husband had but a short time before met with a tragic death.

The West held a yearning hand out to them and they were persuaded to sell the old home place and come West again to live with the children. Will and Eliza were the only ones left in the East.

The aged couple purchased a small place twelve blocks west of the main street of Yakima and with the aid of their daughter, Cora, who most carefully guarded her parents' health, settled there to live.

But the years were fast fleeting by for the mother, and the hand of the Angel of Death reached out to take her soul within his grasp on the eve of the 13th of December, 1919.

She exerted her life's best energies for her husband and children and always seeking gently to amend whatever flaws lurked in each character, and perfecting her cup as planned she passed in to the hands of her Creator with perfect peace written upon her face. Quoting from Southey we can truly say:

*"Yea, in all ages but the wise and good,  
To be remembered, mourned and honored still."*

Her body lies at rest in Tahoma Cemetery a mile south and west of the city.

The father, still a strong and sturdy man, worn by time but showing a rugged constitution, still lives in Fruitvale, spending most of his time out of doors. Any time of day we may come upon him either sitting comfortably in a rocking chair under the trees, perhaps we think almost asleep; or again, out in the garden enjoying in vision the results of his own labor, but always we find him with memory written on his face and we sometimes wonder in just what path his retrospective thoughts have strayed this time.

But never shall we know the hardships, sacrifices and disappointments which he has gone through for our sakes. Of these things we can only guess by the lines in his face.

Yet, we do not find him sad; a twinkle still lurks in his eye and his mouth has never lost its upturning corners. He still receives respect and honor from his children, his grandchildren and his great grandchildren.

So we can close our family ancestral history by saying:

*Our times be in thy hand,  
Perfect the cup as planned.  
Let age approve of youth and  
Death complete the same.*



















